



By Beulah King

Drawing by Marjorie Terry Chellis

DAME Frieda leaned far out of the window and beckoned Dame Liesel. "Hast seen my Johann?" she asked. Whereupon Dame Liesel placed her fat hands on her hips and laughed and laughed.

"Poor Frieda," she gasped. "Poor Frieda!" And then bowing politely, "I trust thou dost forgive me but so oft have I heard thee ask it that it doth make me chuckle. Prut, we must all have our bit of fun!"

"I forgive thee," replied Dame Frieda. "Do I not know the whole village is laughing at my child? Poor boy! Poor Johann!"

Dame Liesel wagged her head. "A strange lad—a strange lad indeed." She came close to Frieda and patted her hand. "Tis a pity he could not be like my Peter. Such a help—my Peter. He chops the kindlings, fetches the water, runs the errands, milks the cow—"

"Yes—yes," said Dame Frieda. I know." To tell the truth she had heard Dame Liesel repeat these things so many times that she was a bit weary of hearing them, and perhaps, too, it made her feel the worse to be continually comparing Peter with Johann. Johann, who, since the day he was born, had never done anything right—had chopped his fingers instead of the wood, had drawn the water and left it at the well, had mixed up her errands and bought mutton when she would have beef and fish, when she would have sausages, and who for the life of him could not milk the cow.

So there they stood, the two dames, and since Dame Liesel could talk of no

one but her Peter and Dame Frieda knew all there was to know about that Peter, they said nothing.

It might have been very awkward but just then around the corner of the street came the village schoolmaster and as always the children following.

"There's your Johann," cried Dame Liesel. And sure enough, close by the beloved schoolmaster walked Johann.

"Now who would think," sighed Dame Frieda, "but that my Johann was like all the rest. How straight he walks and how his eyes shine."

"That is because he is with the master," said Dame Liesel. "They tell me he loves even Johann. Ah, what would we do without the master?"

The schoolmaster bowed and doffed his velvet cap to the dames. "Johann," he said, turning to the boy, "thy mother wants thee—perchance for a bit of work."

At this the girls tittered and the boys laughed. Johann blushed. "What is it, mother?" he asked. And Dame Frieda blushed too. She would not say she wished him to fetch some water. It would never do to say it before those fun-making boys and girls. So she, poor woman, just smiled and said, "I wanted to know what had become of thee." Which was really the truth.

Johann's eyes sparkled. "I have been up the mountain side, mother dear," he said. "And such colorings—the rock rose and the edelweiss. Ah, it is so beautiful on the mountain side!"

At the words, Dame Frieda grew redder still and the children snickered and nudged each other. But how the schoolmaster's eyes shone, almost as brightly

as did Johann's. "Good dame," he whispered to Frieda, "be not ashamed of the boy. Because he is not like the rest of them doth not make of him a simpleton. It is not for us to say," went on the schoolmaster, "how much this village and perchance the world itself hath need of him. Have patience." And he smiled radiantly. At that moment his face was beautiful. It was as if he knew deep in his heart some wonderful secret—as if he had heard a whisper promising great things. They looked at him open mouthed, even the littlest children. They all loved him and yet they could not believe—not even Dame Frieda who was gentle and kind—that Johann was aught save a good-for-nothing. What! A boy who could not chop kindlings good for something? Never! And they wagged their heads, poor things, and the children laughed again and nudged each other. And so they kept on laughing at Johann and pointing their fingers at him in fun and whispering and wagging their heads and talking a great deal. But Johann said nothing. He went his quiet way and if, at times, he wept a little, no one ever knew.

There came a sad day for the village—a sad day indeed! The schoolmaster was called away and would not return to them. "Ah," said one good dame when she could speak, "what will become of Johann?"

"Johann?" cried another. "What will become of us and our children?"

And so it was in every house. The children wept and would not be consoled. "We shall forget him! We shall forget him!" they wailed. "We shall never see his kind eyes twinkle nor his merry lips smile!"

That night they gave him a party, a grand party at the Rathaus, and all the village was there, even lame Uncle Max, who scarcely ever went anywhere and Grandame Weiss, who was always in bed at sundown.

Long before eight o'clock the way to the Rathaus was dotted with groups of children eagerly waiting the master. "I see him," shouted a very small maid. "Nay," scoffed her brother, "that is not he!"

"Look," cried the tallest boy. "Surely that other is the master. I would know his long legs anywhere, and his coat tails, are they not always flying?"

Yes, it was he, and with him Johann. At the sight of the schoolmaster the little ones began to cry. "He is going away

and we shall forget him!" "Hush, hush," said the tallest girl. "Do not let him see us weeping. Look at Johann, he doth not weep. Surely thou art as brave as he."

No, Johann was not weeping. Instead he was smiling bravely and his eyes shone with a new strange light. "Look at Johann," the children whispered and actually for a minute they forgot the schoolmaster, so interested were they in Johann's radiant face.

Down the street they went, the schoolmaster and Johann leading and all the children close behind. And old Dame Gretel, who was a bit late because she had to stop to sew some buttons on her bodice, said they made a strange picture, much like those in Hamelin Town, of the Pied Piper and the little children who followed him.

The Rathaus hall was full when they went in. And a pretty picture it was, all decorated with fir boughs and flowers. The schoolmaster halted in surprise at what they had done for him. He could not speak and when he did there were tears in his eyes as he told them how much he loved their dear little children and what the good folk of the village had meant to him. It was a wonderful party, for although everyone was sad in his heart, everyone was brave and smiled. They talked about all the things they had done together, and of the good times they had had and almost before they could believe it, the clock was striking twelve. Some of the children, dear little things, had fallen sound asleep on the wooden benches and a few of the bigger ones were nodding. Only Johann was as bright and fresh as when he came into the hall. The schoolmaster went up onto the platform. He wanted to thank them again and again and to look at them all without missing one. In a very short little speech he wished them good fortune and happiness and asked them not to forget him.

It was then that Johann, breathless, his eyes like stars, climbed onto the platform. "Please—please," he said, "I have something to show you." He stopped for breath and the crowd in the Rathaus moved and murmured, "What is it?" "Hath he gone mad?" "The schoolmaster's going hath made him mad."

Dame Frieda hung her head. "Oh Johann," she whispered, "are you going to make a fool of me again?" She dared not raise her eyes.

The schoolmaster took Johann by the hand. "What is it, my laddie?" he asked. "I'm sure we will be very happy to see it."

Johann led him to the back of the platform where the great cloth curtain hung against the rear wall. "It's here," he whispered, "hidden behind the curtain." And suddenly he felt very shy and turned rosy red.

It was the schoolmaster who took hold of the corner of the drapery and pulled it aside. Ah! There was a murmur of

wonder from the crowd, a long murmur! Johann did not move but across from him he could hear the schoolmaster draw in his breath sharply. And then from the crowd the voice of a wee tot who had waked. "Two schoolmasters, mother. See, see!"

And not until the schoolmaster himself had moved did they know the real from the painted one. They stood there, those people, and stared. Johann came down to the edge of the platform. "I painted it," he said simply, "so that we could never forget him." Then he ran to where his mother stood and stayed close to her.

And the people whispered, "It's wonderful." "It's magic." "Ah, our little Johann!" Already they had claimed him. He had done something fine. What mattered now all the things he had not done? They were forgotten.

To this day the picture hangs in the Rathaus and when people look at it, they sigh and think of Johann. If they are clever, like you and me, they say, "We will never laugh because some little child forgets his errands or chops his fingers instead of the wood. We will be kind to him and try to think he has his place in the world as well as the others."

Growing Time

BY DOROTHY E. COLLINS

THIS is the wet green spring of year
When worms upon the walks appear,
When cats most delicately go,
Like Agag, walking on the toe,
While in the soft, damp garden beds
The little hard, green, pointed heads
Of all the sleepy bulbs are showing.
Now Mother takes the baby's sewing
Upon the porch, and rocks and sings
Among the sunny growing things,
While in the street the boys play ball,
Turn somersaults and shout and call.
The Bookworm has forgot to read—
He's in the garden, planting seed!

IF

"IF I could sew the way you girls can, Helen," Cornelia exclaimed, "I'd have pretty things too, but when your fingers are as stiff and clumsy as ten sticks you just have to go without."

Helen Murdock glanced at her friend curiously. "Why don't you use the 'if' in another way?" she asked. "If you can't sew, you can do something else. I couldn't make a hat to save my life, but Bess Elliot could make one out of an old bag and a feather duster—so we traded. I made her a sport skirt and she made me this hat. Having had nothing to do with it but wear it, I can frankly say that I think it's a peach."

Cornelia looked interested for a moment. Then, "That's all very well," she replied, "but you can sew something! It would be a very different matter if you couldn't sew a thing."

"All I can say is that, if it were ruining my temper, my happiness and my prospects, I'd learn how or die! Or else

I would trade some other accomplishment. Spunk up, Cornelia! There are millions of people in the world wanting millions of things done. It's a pity if you can't strike a bargain with some of them. If it were a problem in geometry, you'd have it solved while I was chewing my pencil. You just try it once. Just pretend it's a problem in analytics and work out a perfectly beautiful summer frock for yourself! Go ahead; I'll bet on you."

For reply Cornelia took her by the shoulders and walked her to the door. "You've done enough for one day. Vamose!"

Helen danced happily away down the hall. "I do believe I've waked her up," she thought.

But when two weeks had passed and then three and then four, and nothing had happened to Cornelia's wardrobe, Helen's hope faded. "The conceit of you, Helen Murdock," she scolded herself, "to think you could influence anybody! Only," and her pretty eyes became shadowed, "Cornelia would be such a dear if she would only spunk up and stop if-ing. Why, who's that?"

A stylish young lady was turning in at the gate. Everything about her was stylish from her hat to her shoes. At a second glance Helen ran rapturously down the path. "Cornelia, you fraud, I actually didn't know you! Who did it?"

Cornelia laughed. She was a different Cornelia, as happy-looking as her gown.

"My three best friends," she retorted and waved a blistered hand. "One of 'em suffered in the fray but is getting along very nicely, thank you. The shoes—aren't they stunning?—represent Mrs. Taintor's floors—all of 'em restrained. The hat stands for the enameling of Mrs. Foot's bathroom, and the gown—you'd never guess—three back porches! You see, one thing I can do is to wield a paintbrush, though I'd never thought of it before."

"Two hands and a paintbrush! Friends indeed! Good for you, Cornelia! Oh, my dear, I knew you could! I am so happy."

Cornelia shook her head, smiling. "No, a paintbrush wasn't the other friend. The third was a friend who wouldn't let go. I mean Helen Murdock!"

Youth's Companion.

The Made-Over Maid

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

WHEN I'm a grown-up lady,
I know what I will do;
I'll buy a lot of lovely things
From brand-new hat to shoe.

To have a dress that's never
Been worn by *any* one—
I want to know just how it feels!
I'm certain 'twill be fun.

I've always had made-overs;
Uh-huh, from head to heel.
If you're the youngest girl of six,
You'll know just how I feel!

Not Asleep

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD

"S" H! May's dreaming—no use trying to talk to her about what to do in case of snake bite!"

"No, I'm not—dreaming. I've heard every word you have said," protested May Allen to the other campers gathered about the fire one evening.

"But you might be dreaming, sometime when there was real danger. You probably couldn't get your wits together fast enough to know what to do," said one of the younger boys in the party.

"You have to keep awake all the time, up here, whether you've got your eyes shut or open," said another.

"That sounds foolish—" May began, but her father interrupted.

"No, Jim is right," he explained. "He means that one has to be ready to meet unexpected dangers."

They were in the High Sierras in the central part of California, where, although July had come, the snows had not all melted. And yet, in the sheltered places were wild strawberries and hundreds of spring flowers.

The next afternoon May and her small sister remained behind in camp with cook Jinny, while the rest of the party went on a long hike to explore one of the neighboring ice streams.

"I'll go strawberrying, I think," May decided towards the end of the afternoon. "A lot of fresh berries will taste nice when the folks come home for supper."

"You don't want to go far from camp," warned old Jinny. "And I doubt if you can pick enough to go around more than two to a person."

"I'll just go over there in the meadow. There are heaps of them there. I'll take Edie so you'll know I won't go very far away."

"All right," agreed Jinny. "Here's a tin can with a handle on it."

May took Edie's hand and walked slowly across the open space towards some giant pines which seemed to touch the sky-line above some higher peaks in the distance. She sang,

"We're up so high
We can touch the sky!"

She was used to the city where grass grows in little square patches and you must not walk on it. Here the grass and wild flowers ran everywhere, down to the streams, in among the great trees, up the sides of the rocky hills.

"It seems such a new place, and yet everything is so old," she went on, in



A COYOTE

World Wide Photograph
by William and Irene Finley

her dreaming way. "Dad says the trees are hundreds of years old. Maybe this path is old. Maybe it was made by Indians and wild animals. Maybe—"

Wild animals! Yes, there were still to be seen shy deer and comical fat bears and now and then a coyote or a mighty cougar cat. But, so far, nothing but a pair of playful young bear cubs had appeared in the neighborhood of the camp, though that was a wonderful event! May and Edie had thrown the little fellows some lumps of sugar and then fled to shelter.

"Do little brown bears like strawberries, May?" asked Edie, suddenly.

May laughed. It was funny that Edie should think of bears just when she herself was thinking of them.

"I suppose so. They're so sweet," she answered.

"Yes. Sweet. Sweet little Teddy bears!" echoed Edie.

"I meant the strawberries are so sweet, Edie!"

The little girls were very busy. The can grew quite heavy, and May was thinking of going back to old Jinny, when Edie acted as if she wanted to go to sleep.

"She could take a little nap if we were out of the sun," thought May, and, taking Edie's hand, went slowly toward the nearest big pine.

A hollow had been burned and dug away under one side of the tree. Edie at once lay down on the pine needles that were like a clean, sweet-smelling mat in front of this open door. In a moment her eyes closed, she rolled over, and began to sleep soundly. May gathered armfuls of the needles and strewed

them on the floor of the little cave under the tree-trunk. Then she gently lifted Edie and laid her inside.

"It's a lovely crib!" she laughed, quietly. "Oh, and I'm going to make it still prettier."

She hung the can of strawberries on a branch of a near-by little spruce tree and ran over to some azalea bushes. Breaking off a number of long sprays, heavy with delicate fragrant white blossoms, she stuck them up in a row at the entrance of the little tree-cave.

"Edie's completely hidden from sight!" she whispered and knelt to look over the flowery screen at the tired little sleeper.

Then she turned to look off towards the far canyons and other mountains and hills where the late afternoon haze was gathering like the veil streamers of some gigantic lady's

nat—blue—gray—violet. Crouching beside the great tree's rough base, May herself, grew drowsy. She slipped down into a more comfortable position, directly in front of the little screen, and, heedless of all danger, fell asleep.

After a while she awoke with a fearful feeling. She never afterwards knew whether she had actually heard or dreamed that she heard a wild cry, somewhat like a moan but more like a scream, and then a harsh strange voice calling her.

"May Allen! May Allen! Where's your little sister?"

May was lying face downward, her cheek upon her arm. She started slowly to open her eyelids.

"Where's Edie?"

She thought she had screamed it, but, no! She was still lying, very quiet, in exactly the same position in which she had found herself, on awaking.

Something was breathing heavily, quite near her!

Without stirring, she waited. She remembered her father's words about being ready for unexpected dangers, and knew suddenly that the only way by which she could save Edie and herself from the wild animal beside her was to remain perfectly still.

She held her breath. Her fear was so great that she turned cold—so cold, that when the cougar came still closer, sniffing at her cheek, he must have thought her already dead, for he turned and padded quickly away.

May still waited—for fear he would turn again and come back, if she moved. Edie began to stir. Suppose she cried? May edged closer to the azalea screen



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

72 HOPEDALE ST.,
HOPEDALE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck; I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I hope I am not too old to belong because so many girls and boys belong all over the country. The puzzles are very interesting to work out and also the enigmas.

Cordially yours,

CHARLOTTE C. AREY.

(Charlotte does not tell us how old she is, but we are guessing about sixteen. Surely that is not too old!)

1101 HANNAH AVENUE,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Dear Miss Buck: I am not old enough to write much or read much, but I love to have the Beacon Club letters read. I wish I could meet and play with the little girls who write. Way down here in Tennessee seems like a long ways off to you, but to us it seems like right at home. There are some advantages in living in Tennessee. If we

want to go north or south or east or west, you know it is so handy to have all these directions start from home. Then we can have warm weather and cold weather, rain or sunshine, fair or dreary days, all within a week. We have almost all kinds of birds, clear sparkling streams, beautiful quiet little valleys, and blue-topped mountains up among the skies. Mr. Scott is our pastor and Mrs. Scott is my teacher. To know them is to love them.

Best wishes to all,

Sincerely,

EDIMAR FARRIS.

Other new members of our Club are Billy Bannham, South Edmonton, Alberta, Can.; Mary Mulford, Berkeley, Cal.; Paul Kohl, No. Kennebunkport, Me.; Madeline Dyer, Rosamond Thomas, Irene Spencer, Portland, Me.; Virginia L. Ross, Lansing, Mich.; Ruth Hatfield, Lincoln, Neb.; Gerald M. Miller, Walpole, N. H.; Lewis Franchitta, Newfield, N. J.; Margaret Teuchter, Cincinnati, O.; Eloise Bliss, Glenshaw, Pa.; Richard Renshaw, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dorothy Anderson, Marjorie Morse, Constance Howell and Carolyn Wilkinson, Providence, R. I.; Murray Bryant, Verdie A. Hall and Pattie L. Turner, Dodson, Va.; Betty Shriner, Monroe, Wis.

and whispered.

But Edie was already whimpering. "Hush, Edie!"

May managed to get inside the little cave and was cuddling Edie in her lap when a great noise arose.

"May Allen! May, are you there? Where's Edie?"

It was familiar voices!

"Here we are, Dad!" she cried, finding that she could not get out of the hiding place without help.

"Here they are! Safe!" came the glad cry.

"What have you been doing? Sleeping?" asked some one. "You certainly are a little dreamer!"

"I was asleep—but—there was a big cat—" May tried to explain.

"Big cat! I should say," interrupted her father. "We were all frightened about you. A big cougar has just been caught up here."

"I know," said May. "He was here. And I kept just as still!"

"Who said our May was a dreamer?" asked her father, lifting Edie and taking May by the hand. "I doubt if anyone of us could have had the presence of mind to do exactly the right thing in such danger as she's just faced!"

"I kept awake with my eyes shut, didn't I?" laughed May.

Church School News

THE Editor wishes to remind our schools of an especial opportunity for service to one of our own organizations. The Children's Mission to Children, 20 Ashburton Place, Boston, is worthy of all our church schools can do for it. Easter offerings from schools or organized classes sent to that address

will help sustain the work for children by the gifts of other children.

The church school of the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia is distinctive from the fact that every one of the seven teachers is a college graduate. This school of 51 members and ten officers and teachers undertook last year the support of a sister church in Hungary, raising for the purpose \$120. It also contributed to the Vacation Week arranged by the college settlement for the benefit of the poor children of the city.

The Unitarian Sunday School, Winchester, Mass., is working to help buy a memorial window in the church in memory of Miss Alice F. Symmes. Each member of the school (165 pupils) is making the effort to raise a dollar toward this fund.

In Fairhaven, Mass., our church school reports 170 members, 16 teachers and 6 officers. There has been a healthy growth during the past year and at the opening of the school last autumn, the attendance for three Sundays ran 146, 164 and 168. New pupils are being added each Sunday.

King's Chapel School is this year meeting in a new parish house at 27 Marlborough Street, Boston. A chapel for its services of worship is being constructed in the building, which will add much to the effectiveness of the school's devotional services. Special instruction for the individual teachers in this school is arranged for each week with a trained worker of large experience.

In our school of ten classes and 65 pupils in Fall River, Mass., each class except one has a substitute teacher. The Director of Instruction is Mrs. I. C. Poole. During the present season from three to six classes each Sunday have had perfect attendance.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am a sentence from the Psalms having 15 letters.

My 10, 6, 12, 1, 11, 14, is an assistant.

My 5, 9, 3, 2, 11, is a fixed look.

My 7, 4, 8, 12, 15, is to give way.

My 13, is a vowel.

E. A. C.

ENIGMA XLVII

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 3, 6, 5, 1, is a dwelling place of primitive people.

My 14, 2, 4, 3, 18, is accurate.

My 11, 7, 9, 10, 14, is rock.

My 13, 12, 10, 14, is a number.

My 18, 16, 17, 14, is used in printing.

My 3, 4, 15, 1, is a place for keeping animals and birds.

My 7, 8, 1, is to make a knot.

My whole is a matter of much interest to all the world at the present time.

J. W.

PRINTER'S PI

t'sI asey ot gluah ehwn eht seisk rae lbeu
nAd teh nsu si niilngs rbghth;
seY asey ot ghlaui nweh rouy driensf rea rute
dAn s'reech pipnseah ni stghi;
uBt nweh oeph ash lide dna teh ssiek era rayg,
nAd eht fdreins fo eht spta vawe etunrd ywaa,
hA, neht, nidiede, t'si a s'reho tfea
oT onucrej a mseli ni het cefa of fdetae.

Firelight.

WHAT ARE WE?

We are found on large bodies of water—oceans, bays and rivers. A few wild animals have us, and a certain kind of water creature. All human beings have us. In times of peace men are content with very few of us, but in times of war they need many more. In times of peace men cannot spare us, yet as soon as war ends they lay us down.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Behead *prisons* and get *afflictions*.
2. Behead *a fruit* and get *a stove*.
3. Behead *a place* for *a fire* and get *the world*.
4. Behead *not* at *any time* and get *always*.
5. Behead *once more* and get *profit*.
6. Behead *a vision* and get *20 quires*.
7. Behead *a gem* and get *a place of entrance*.
8. Behead *pertaining* to *a wall* and get *a range of mountains*.
9. Behead *a mineral* and get *tardy*.

Write these words in order, before beheading, and their initials will spell the name of one of the Presidents of the United States.

E. A. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 23.

ENIGMA XLII.—The Beacon.

ENIGMA XLIII.—Bunker Hill Monument.

BEHEADED WORDS.—Peach. R-are. A-gain. I-deal. S-tore. E-very. PRAISE.

A "CATTY" PUZZLE.—1. Caterpillar. 2. Catsup. 3. Catarh. 4. Catacombs. 5. Cattle. 6. Cataract. 7. Catalpa. 8. Catalogue. 9. Catatrophe. 10. Catechism.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
299 Madison Ave., New York City
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press